

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday March 3. to Saturday March 10. 1705.

On the Diverting Post.

IF true Diversion merits any Praise,
Here to their highest Strains your Voices raise.
Here in its livelyst Colours Mirth appears,
And safe between Extreames, its Passage steers.
No Palate but may here fit Diet find,
So join'd in one what's good in every Kind.
Black Choler, the Physician's great Disgrace,
Diverted dares no longer shew its Face.
Burton shall henceforth wholly useles prove,
He but th' Effect, this doth the Cause remove.
New Bedlam now must bare the Old one's Fate,
Tho' that reviv'd, this here will fix its Date.

A Riddle.

THere is a thing that nothing is,
'Tis foolish, wanton, sober, wise;
It hath no Wings, no Eyes, no Ears,
And yet it flies, it sees, it hears;
It lives by Loss, it feeds in Smart,
It dwells in Woe, it liveth not.
Yet evermore this hungry Elf
Doth feed on nothing but it self.

A Riddle. By Mr. Sam. Phillips.

AT Court and City I am so carest,
'Tis difficult to say which loves me best;
E'en Ladies of the highest Quality,
Think't not beneath 'em to converse with me:
To me their Secrets they with Joy unfold,
Let me their choicest Rarities behold,
Their blushing Crimsons, and their curling
Gold.
Had Pluto (when in Love with Proserpine)
But lay'd aside his Shape, and put on mine,
The Nymph had yeilded to his powerful
Charms,
And gladly prest him in her Snowy Arms.
The City Dames my pleasing Arts confess,
Admire the shining Beauty of my Face,
And hourly take me to their soft Embrace.
'To me they come (tho' skill'd in no Disease)
With piteous whining Looks, and bended Knees,
Lay ope' their Case, and humbly sue for Ease.
With willing Mind I their Petitions grant;
(Who can be Deaf when Beauty makes Com-
plaint?)
Yet I'm rewarded very ill by some,
And only Piss'd upon for what I've done.

On a Company of Strolers that were late- ly at Hereford. By H. H.

THE jovial Crew in piteous Plight departed,
Queens went on Foot, and Princesses were
Carted,
Away they trudg'd thro' wicked Ways and
Weather,
The Lumber and the Ladies went together;
In pure Compassion to the Maiden Queen,
Who wanted but a Month of Lying in.
Brave Oroonoko, with his privy Purse,
Cou'd not procure Imoinda a Horse.
Great Montezuma hir'd an humble Hack,
And he that grasp'd the Globe, bestrid a Pack.
Young Ammon lagging long behind the rest,
'Scapt very narrowly from being Prest.
It sure must needs have made the Gravest laugh,
To see the Truncheon truckle to the Staff;
The Constable the mightier Man by half.
Ammon with Joy himself did disengage,
And cry'd, 'Tis safer fighting on the Stage.

To Sir C---r W---n.

TO get false Fame, and infinite Dispraise,
Erostratus and you, took different ways.
But yet the Beautefew to you must yeild;
'Tis nobler to destroy, than thus to build.

In Imitation of Bion's second Idyllium.

AS I lately was Fowling along a Wood side,
The Boy God on a Tree, without Arms I
esp'd:
By his Wings, I believ'd him a Bird for my Game,
But he smil'd when I fir'd, and eluded my Aim.
I often discharg'd, and as often he smil'd,
'Till nettel'd to see how I still was beguil'd,
I declar'd my sad Fate to one Fowling hard by,
Who was render'd by Age more experienc'd than
I:
He laugh'd at my Tale, and thus made reply.
'Tis Cupid, haste quickly, or else thou'rt un-
done;
'Tis a Conquest to fly; if thou 'scap'st him, thou'lt
won.
He has lent out his Quiver to Silvia to Day,
But if he resumes it, he'll surely repay
With Shafts more unerring, thy Fire; thou wilt feel
Wounds worse than are given by thy Lead or thy Steel;
And like Telephus wound, the Pains of thy Heart
Will only be cur'd by the Rust of the Dart.

Sireight

Streight all trembling I fled; but alas, 'twas in vain,
For he soon got his Bow, and his Quiver again,
And pierc'd my poor Heart with his Shafts by surprise,
As he lay in close Ambush in Cælia's bright Eyes.

The Older the Better. By Mr. W— of Oxon.

I.

IN vain the bashful Morning sues,
With modest Blush and melting Dews,
The sullen Marigold and Rose;
Yet still the Scornful Flow'rs refuse
Their budding Beauties to disclose.
But when the warmer Sun displays,
In None-day heat his vigorous Rays,
Warm'd by his Influence, each receives
The Lover with expanded Leaves.

II.

Then ne'er in Love despair, fond Boy,
Nor lavish Sighs and Tears in vain:
Tho' Cloe to the Youth be coy,
Yet when hereafter you imploy
The warmer Beams of finish'd Man,
Gladly she'll yeild, and thou attain
The long expected Joy.
Be brisk, be frolicksome, and gay,
And like the Sun in Noon of Day;
All the Force of Love display;
Then will the Fair her Charms unfold,
And open like the Marigold.

On Mimmick, the Irish Actor.

I.

SELF-Love does Mimmick's Breast inspire,
It seems with Reason good;
For did he not himself admire,
No other Mortal wou'd.

II.

The Town damns Mimmick's Acting, why?
Well has he Play'd his Part,
To gain so good a Salary
Without the least Desert.

A SONG to Phillis.

PRay, Madam Phillis,
Let's know what your Will is;
For by the Lord Harry,
No longer I'll tarry.

If now you deny,
I'll make no more potter,
But from you will fly,
And seek out another.

Long I have lov'd you,
And often mov'd you,
To pity my Fire,
And grant my Desire.

Now, like a good Christian,
Loth'd to deceive you,
Once again ask the Question,
Whither take you, or leave you.

Now, pray Mistress Phillis, consider the Matter,
Least you repent of your Folly hereafter.

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B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avemary-Lane. 1705.

An Extempore Complaint to my empty
Purse.

TO thee, my Purse, thus troubl'd, I complain;
To thee, that art the Cause of all my Pain.
Thy Yellow Gold is gone, and Silver bright:
Alas! I'm Heavy, because thou art Light.
To thee, my Purse, for Mercy thus I cry;
Be Heavy once again, or else I Die.

A Dialogue between Cupid and Psyche.

Cup. MY dearest Psyche, why so coy?
You need not fear an harmless Boy
Come, let me lay upon your Breast
My Head, and there securely rest,
With Ease and Satisfaction blest.

Psyc. Oh! no, cries Psyche, Cupid no;
I mayn't, nor dare I trust you so:
Too well I know your Rogish Art,
That when you are so near my Heart,
You'll soon invade the tender Part.

A Comparison between Prometheus and
Faux.

FROM Heav'n and Hell, for different Ends de-
sign'd,
This to destroy, that to create Mankind;
These two bold Thieves, in stealing Fire, combin'd.
Thee, O! Prometheus! while the Bird does tear,
For Faux, Great Jove! some other Pain prepare:
The starving Vulture cannot here be fed,
Where are his Bowels, who no Mercy had?

Advertisements.

† Next Week will be published, *Miscellanea Sacra*, Part the second; being a curious Collection of Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects; written by Bishop King, Bishop Ken, Sir John Crofts, Mr. Charles Hopkins, Mr. John Dryden, Mr. Prior, and other Modern Authors. To which will be annex'd, a Scheme containing thirty Heads, being a Proposal for the Relief of our Poor, and Encouragement of Trade; humbly recommended to the Perusal of all Pious and Charitable Persons.

† There was lately sent to the Undertakers, the *Broken Pipkin*, a Tale; but it being too long to be inserted in this Paper, we have printed it on a half Sheet; and it is to be had at Mr. Bragg's, Price 1 d.

† The great Catalogue of Mr. Finger's Musick, is to be had gratis, at H. Playford's, in the Temple Exchange in Fleet-street.

† All Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who have any Copies of Verses, Heroical, Humorous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Riddles, Receipts, Songs, Prologues, or Epilogues, &c. in Prose or Verse, proper to insert in this Paper, are desired to send them to Mr. Playford, at the Temple Exchange, Fleet-street; or Mr. Bragg, the Publisher, in Avemary-Lane, and they'll infinitely oblige the Undertakers, who will faithfully insert them. Whole Sets, or single Ones, may be had at the forementioned Places.

† Advertisements proper to be inserted in this Paper, will be taken in by H. Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change, Fleet-street, and B. Bragg, Publisher, in Avemary-lane.